

COLONNADE





*The Colonnade
Longwood College
Farmville, Virginia
May, 1959*

The Colonnade

LONGWOOD COLLEGE

Farmville, Virginia

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An Unfortunate Reoccurrence

by SANDRA WEAVER

It seems to me that this whole thing started long before last Monday, but I'm not sure. I guess Sigmund Freud would say it started when I was a little kid. The time my mother went off and left me with Aunt Sally for a long time, while she married my stepfather, Mike. I was pretty upset over that for a long while and the thing that kept reminding me of it for so long was the two oriental vases covered with Chinese dragons and flowers and stuff that they were standing by before they left. I've been reading up on that sort of thing all week and have come to the conclusion that that's it.

I guess maybe I'd better go back to the very beginning, so you can understand it a little more. You see—Josie and me, we decided to get married. Josie's the prettiest, most perfectly wonderful girl in Packettsville and we've been liking and dating each other ever since she was in ruffles and I was in knickers, so I'm sure everything is going to work out along that road; but, she wants to be married here, in Packettsville, in my Aunt Sally's house. There's nowhere else that'll do; believe me, I've tried to find it.

According to her, "Your Aunt Sally has the most beautiful house for a wedding, Sid, and you know how lonely she is and how much she loves you. You just can't say no!" I've heard this same thing over and over so many times I could just about give up and marry Aunt Sally instead. She might not have as pretty a pair of blue eyes as Josie has, but she sure don't insist on things so much.

Well, to get right down to the problem at hand. Last Monday night we all went over to Aunt Sally's house to have our first rehearsal—Rob, my best buddy and also my best man; and Phyllis Jean, Josie's best girlfriend, who is going to be maid of honor. We were going to meet Josie and our parents there, so, knowing we didn't have many stops to make, we left kind of late—too late!

"Well, Sid, you could have at least been on time. There is going to be a wedding you know." Those were the first words that greeted us as we ran through the door, and suddenly, for some strange reason, I was sick and had to run quickly out of the room before I messed up Aunt Sally's



"lovely-to-have-a-wedding-in," house. The image of my mother, standing next to Mike, between those atrocious oriental vases of Aunt Sally's, hit home. I couldn't quite put my finger on it, but it looked vaguely familiar and upsetting.

You can imagine what their reaction was. I didn't even have time to figure out what was happening myself, before I was surrounded by four panic-stricken females and two males with the funniest damn inquisitive expressions on their faces I have ever seen. After I had managed to convince Mike and Rob that my nausea was not a sign of questionable sobriety, and had convinced the girls that it was not necessary to put me to bed with cold towels on my forehead, we went on and started the rehearsal.

It was then that the final blow was landed. Josie arranged the parlor to fit the requirements

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ARRIVAL

The mists hang languidly
In the hollows of the hills,
Exhaled as gently from Earth
As smoke from a Fakir's pipe.
How gracefully they rise;
How hauntingly they transfix the hills
Into a world of dreams
And whisper-soft serenity.

The bubbling, swirling, plunging streams
Skirt the rocks,
Then leap with shouts of laughter
From forbidding heights
And gather with murmurs of content
Into deep, sleeping pools,
Wakened now and then with darting rays of sunlight
Filtered through interwoven branches.

The meadows gleam with green and gold.
The woods rejoice:
The dogwood flaunts its ivory;
The Judas Tree unfolds its crimson buds;
The myriad, tiny flowers of the forest floor
Give up their sleepy bed beneath the leaves,
And thrust their heads above the ground
To crown their fragrant mother, Earth.

The cool Wind and scintillating Sun
Vie for possession of the acquiescent Day.
First breeze prevails
And makes the children romp and play
With glowing cheeks and boundless eagerness.
Then warmth prevails
And calls the World to sit with face upturned
To bask in the rays of the golden sun.

O verdant Goddess,
You who grace the earth with charm anew;
You blend together every scene of this fair day,
And in your prescience, give us joy and hope
In sweet, unbounded measure.
Displacing care with all the gifts you bring,
We welcome you,
Eternal, living Spring.

EDMONIA LEECH

THE BROWN WINDOW

by JUDY HARRIS

Cal held the half-empty whiskey bottle up to his eyes and turned it slowly around in his hands. The light bulb dangling from the ceiling swung slowly in a circular motion, casting patterns of light over the clear brown liquid and back over the faces of the two young people sitting at a littered and somewhat rickety card table. A soft wind sifted through the rusty screens, and, as if propelled by a whisper of its breath, the girl rose and walked to the tiny window that looked down on many noisy and very dirty streets.

"Cal," she said, "let's get out of here. I don't like this room."

"You don't like it down there either," her brother replied, "so what's the difference?"

"You know what I mean. Let's go back home."

"No. I've told you, I'm not going." Cal got up and went to his sister by the window. "Lanie, look down there. What do you see?"

"Nothing. Nothing worth looking at anyway, and nothing to keep you here. Just a dirty street swarming with dirty people."

"Ah, but they're real people, Lanie. Not like those damn storybook characters at home that don't know whether they're coming or going. And don't care. Come, I want to show you something."

Cal led the girl back across the room, under the swaying light. He glowed with excitement. "Look in this bottle, Lanie. Don't you see a picture, a story in there? That's us, Lanie. That's us and everybody. We're useless and stagnant in there, as long as the bottle stays on the table, alone. But look when the light catches it. See, when I hold it up to the light we move. And we're alive!"

Lanie didn't say anything because she knew she couldn't say what her brother wanted to hear. He was not drunk, but he answered her questions senselessly and he talked in circles, about brown whiskey windows and beauty in gutters. It suddenly occurred to her that he might be keeping a girl, perhaps that girl with the straight hair and sandals she had met yesterday. "Cal," she said softly. "Let's go back to that little cafe, the 'Salt Box.' That was nice."

Cal was surprised but relieved. Perhaps Lanie

would make it after all. Maybe she would finally understand how important this city was to him. Maybe she would realize that people can't wade through life saying "No" to everything and everybody different when they don't even know anything about them. He sincerely hoped she would understand.

They walked slowly through the dirty streets and Lanie stared sullenly at the cracks in the littered sidewalk, while Cal looked up and down, from side to side as if he had to see everybody, everything in one movement. Occasionally he would grab his sister by her arm, point excitedly, and say "Look, Lanie! Isn't that great?" as he stared, fascinated, at several birds fighting over a piece of garbage in the gutter, a pair of colored fairies holding hands in the streets, a quack gospel preacher chanting and waving his arm wildly, or even a pair of woolen underwear flapping over the side of an upper story fire escape. Lanie was glad when she saw the neon sign announcing the familiar cafe.

The Salt Box Cafe was small and musty and dimly lighted. The room was almost filled with customers, yet very few were talking. Several people waved to Cal as he entered, but no one spoke, and they all soon resumed their blank expressions and the tapping of fingers to the somewhat doubtful rhythm which emanated from a battered jukebox in a back corner of the room. Lanie looked for the girl with the straight hair as they seated themselves in a small booth near the door, but she was nowhere to be seen. Cal ordered a pint of whiskey, as Lanie gazed suspiciously around, wishing that she had not come. For one thing, the people there were so odd. Somehow, they all seemed the same, like a room full of stuffed animals: some brown, white, pink, but all of them with their arms outstretched and the same bored expression on their faces.

Cal leaned back and stretched his legs out along the booth and looked at his sister. He knew she hated the City and hated for him to be here. But he couldn't go home now—not yet! He was just beginning to absorb its mysterious power and to understand its secret loveliness. And he wanted to be a part of it.

(continued on page 19)

A d v e n t u r e I n T w o L a n

The lush jungle waits.
My hair
flows freely
falling
among leaves
brushed by sandalwood and
combed with an ivory bone.
In ebony-ringed tiger skin
I slither
softly
among the trees.

I run
thrusting eager feet
against
the warmth, the wet, the wildness of grass.
trampling,
trampling
to the jangle
of fanged
bracelets
and
drums rant.

Madly, I outshout
the cursing of the volcano
hurling
its ember crowns
from the crater-crest.

My hands reach
through flowers oozing satin petals of purple and melon
and moist, sanguine skinned fruit near plump paroquets
which flirt topaz tail feathers.

The vines grow
faster,
faster
to my satisfaction,
growing goldgreen, green, blackgreen
Wait!

They insidiously grow,
forming fences.

c a p e s : G r e e n a n d G r a y

I must climb through to another country—
Now let me note
the pared scene
of discipline
and monotone.
On new ground
I listen tranquilly
to the Gregorian chant
of the gravel-voiced sea
where bald rocks seem to bow
craggy brows to the will of the waves.
The sky spreads
like an immense gray scroll
waiting to be written on
by the imagination
and eagle wings curve
into commas to punctuate
the long, long thought.
I observe
a winter tree
in austerity
standing
with black limbs
like bared ribs
while at branch's end
its knuckles enfold
young green life.

by LA VERNE COLLIER



"Come into the house, Catherine; I have to talk to you!"

The small shadowy figure rose reluctantly to her feet and turned in the direction of the voice. It was too near dusk for her to clearly distinguish the outline of her father at the back of the house, but she didn't need to see him to know that he was gazing angrily in the direction of the hollow.

"He always calls that way when I'm out here playing with you," she said, turning to her playmates. "I don't know why he won't understand. He hasn't even tried to see you and to know you as I do. He says that you aren't real and that it's bad for me to come here, but he's wrong; I know he's wrong. You are the only friends I have, and I believe in you."

Suddenly, hearing the side door slam, Catherine started toward the path. She didn't want to add to her father's annoyance by having him find her still lingering.

As she reached the top of the path she felt extremely relieved to find her mother waiting for her instead of her father. She felt safe and protected when she was with her mother. She could confide and trust in her because she knew her mother understood her.

No words were exchanged between the two as they walked toward the back of the house. It was as if they could communicate by simply gazing at each other after every few steps, without having to break the hush of the twilight with their lips. Theirs was a close and tender relationship, unmarred by the feelings of her father.

Silently, they both entered the house. Just as they passed through the hallway Catherine's father called to her.

That night Catherine lay in bed thinking about the things her father had said to her, trying so hard not to believe them. She knew that he was a smart man and had proven himself to be a good psychiatrist, because he was always telling her about all the little children that he had helped. However, her heart was too young to accept what her mind tried to tell her, and even she herself was too young to fully understand the profession her father *felt* he knew so well.

Just as Catherine closed her eyes, the door to her room opened, casting a soft shaft of light across her bed.

"Cathy, Cathy dear, are you asleep yet?" whispered her mother.

The small figure lay still. The only motion

I N T H E I R

by SANDI

visible in the room was the tiny tear that silently rolled down her flushed cheek. Not even for her mother would Catherine now show her feelings for her father. That night had shown the culmination of her strength. She was only a young child, but even children can be driven so far and then, they too, will find a way to protect themselves if they feel they must, and Catherine knew she must.

Turning away from the door, Helen Richards vowed to herself that she would speak to her husband, Charles, in the morning about the child. She knew the child too well not to notice the change that had come over her since that evening. Cathy usually came to her for understanding after she had talked with her father. However, this time she had shied away from her, withdrawing more into herself. When the time came for their evening game of cards, Cathy sat in the big overstuffed chair with a look of deep concentration firmly fixed on her face. Every now and then she would glance up at her father, study him intently, then quickly glance away with her cheeks aflame.

What Cathy was thinking, Helen couldn't tell, but she didn't like to see her child so deep in thought; it was so unlike her. Cathy was always so gay and carefree in her own shy way. That was what she loved so about the child, but now the room was filled with her silence and her pitiful presence. For the first time that she could remember, Helen felt unable to help her. There was something unusually wrong and she felt afraid to approach her.

The next day as Catherine came slowly down the stairs, she heard her mother and father arguing in the kitchen. It wasn't a loud, violent argument, for her father didn't behave that way, but Catherine could hear enough to tell that the argument was over her.

"Charles, you shouldn't be so hard on Cathy,

O W N W A Y

AVER

treating her as if she were so old and responsible," spoke Helen. "After all, she's only a little girl and all children go through these stages."

"These stages! These stages! Why Helen, Catherine's been going through these stages for too long. I tell you I know what I'm talking about; heaven knows I didn't study it for eight years for nothing. I realize the fact that there's nothing so abnormal about having imaginary playmates, but Cathy has carried it too far. I tell you, the child is definitely going to ruin her life if she fails to adjust soon!"

"Please Charles, she's heard you say that far too often; before long she'll be believing it."

"I wish she would," mumbled Charles. "That's just what I told her last night. If *she'd* only realize it, then I could help her. I've talked to her and applied all of the knowledge I have to help her. Now it's mainly up to her. She's my child; and because she's my child, she can do it! There's no longer any excuse for her failing to improve!"

"Listen to me, Charles Richards; if you would leave your work at the office and come home and treat Cathy like the normal, sensitive girl she is, you wouldn't have any trouble with her at all. You've driven her to the point where she actually hates you . . . yes, she hates you!"

"Helen, you don't . . ."

"You mean that it surprises you? Well, it shouldn't. If you took time out from analyzing her once in a while and looked into her eyes, you could see it. Didn't you notice it last night; she was the worst I have ever seen her. What ever did you say to her?"

Charles rose from the table and walked to the sink. Turning to his wife, he gazed directly into her eyes and said, "If you are finished, I have a few words to say. Last night I told Cathy that she was never to go down to the hollow again.

I told her that if she didn't soon realize that she had no playmates in the hollow, and that she wasn't normal like other children, that we would send her away where someone else could."

"Why, Charles? Why? One day we're going to find that we've both lost her and then it will be too late for you to understand."

Taking her coat from the back of the chair, Helen turned toward the door. As she pushed open the screen, she turned to Charles and quietly said, "I'm going over to Ellen's now; I'll probably be gone all afternoon. I trust you will be civil enough to fix Cathy's lunch; I let her sleep late this morning without disturbing her."

"Helen, sometimes I don't understand you any more than I do Catherine; I . . ."

"Please don't say anything more, Charles; you'll only make things worse. At times I wonder if I feel the same way about you as Cathy does, and it's at those times that I don't know which one of the three of us to pity. Right now, I pity you."

Helen turned and walked out the door. Charles stood very still, moving his head from one side to the other. Suddenly, his right hand reached up and clutched at his chest. Grabbing hold of the back of the chair, he fell to his knees, pulling the chair with him.

Catherine witnessed all of this from her station at the foot of the stairs, but she didn't enter the kitchen. She wasn't frightened; she knew what to do because the doctor had shown her where her father was to keep his medicine for such emergencies. She didn't enter the kitchen because she knew her father wouldn't understand why she wasn't going to help him, and only last night she had vowed that she would never give him another chance to hurt her.

As Catherine hurried toward the front door, she turned in the direction of the kitchen and cried, "You'll never understand, Father, you'll never understand." With that, Catherine burst through the doorway, and ran down the slope beside the house. As she ran, she looked very much like a frightened little dove, who was flying toward its nest.

The bent little figure sat quietly sobbing in the cold mist of the hollow. She didn't know why she had done what she did; she only knew that her father could never take her away from her friends again.

Agrarianism As a Literary Movement

by JOANN TENCH

The literary movement of Agrarianism was vaguely allied with the Fugitive movement of the early 1920's. "The Fugitive" was a monthly literary magazine issued from 1922 to 1925 by a group of sixteen Southern editors and writers connected with Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Tennessee. This group was impatient with the stock sentimentalism of the South and advocated a return to an agrarian way of life, a regional attitude in literature as well as politics. However, this group dissolved, and of its sixteen members, only four were associated with the Agrarian movement of the 1930's: Robert Penn Warren, Allen Tate, Donald Davidson, and John Crowe Ransom.

The Agrarian movement actually began in 1930 with the publication of the Agrarian manifesto, *I'll Take My Stand*. The "Statement of Principles" of this manifesto explained: "The theory of agrarianism is that the culture of the soil is the best and most sensitive of vocations, and therefore it should have the economic preference and enlist the maximum workers."¹ Twelve Southerners, including the four aforementioned, took their stand on this principle—that man must accept his place in nature.

This agrarianism was a protest against, and in direct opposition to, industrialism. According to Davidson, a certain type of environment is necessary for the flourishing of the arts: stable, religious, and agrarian societies where the scale of values which appraise life are not the material values of industrialism—where men are close to nature and are constantly reminded that nature is the chief subject of art.² In industrial cities, art existed only in museums.

With regard to traditionalism, one of the contributors to *I'll Take My Stand* asserted: "The South is unique on this continent for having founded and defended a culture which was according to the European principles of culture; and the European principles had better look to the South if they are to be perpetuated in this country."³ The South distrusted progressivism because it disrupts traditional society, a clearly defined order of existence. However, the Agrarians did not propose that America be remade into single plots of self-sufficient traditional units;

they did not set up a formal past. Their view of tradition was, as Tate said, "that quality of life . . . from our immediate past," or as makers of tradition, "the quality we create and try to pass on to the next generation."⁴ It also involved property and religion.

I'll Take My Stand attracted the attention of Northern and Southern readers and critics. (Two more impressive attacks were unnoticed: Webb's *Divided We Stand* and Davidson's *The Attack on Leviathan*.) The Northern critics could understand the attacks on the evils of industrialism, for the depression had come—bringing overproduction, unemployment, and unequal distribution of wealth. However, they did wonder and could not understand why the South's intelligentsia wanted to return to the old semi-barbaric ideas. Northern readers might have enjoyed the Agrarians' attacks on the big businessman during the depression, but they could not sympathize with those who advocated an agrarian society defined by the Agrarians as "one in which agriculture is the leading vocation, whether for wealth, for pleasure, or for prestige—a form of labor that is pursued with intelligence and leisure."⁵ According to Agrarianism, economic and aesthetic behavior must be identified with each other.

Some Southern readers, knowing the actual lot of the farmer, wondered if these Agrarians had any first-hand knowledge of life on a cotton or tobacco farm. Many Southerners agreed with the indictment of industrialism, but felt that the remedy was further industrialism (good roads, telephones, modern conveniences, etc.) and not a return to the old way of life—which was attractive only to the small minority who owned great plantations.⁶ (This brings to attention physiocracy, an upper-class agrarian movement, not centered in the laborer, but in the gentleman farmer. However, this is relevant to the subject being discussed only as suggested by the ideas of some Southern readers.)

The true ideas of Agrarianism are best revealed in the writings, both poetry and prose, of the Agrarians. The literature they produced was almost entirely retrospective—on some occasions,

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READ THE
COLONNADE



RE-READ THE
COLONNADE

VOLUME LC

MAY 22, 1959

NO. 1.5

Bugs Boasts T. V.

Doctor Bugs announced yesterday that Longwood would be changing its teaching techniques in the very near future. The college may be changing teachers, too. The reason for this change in techniques is a basic change in the basic philosophies instilled here at Longwood.

Miss Floor, President Frankfort, and Doctor Bugs, in their report compiled on changes in college students since World War II, said that colleges no longer meet the needs of the students because of the changes in the students' attitudes. There has been less participation in academic activities and a great increase in overeating since the war years. The college must meet the needs of the personality structures and the individual drives of more students in order to prevent ultimate destruction to the roots of higher education. "The college *must* change," stated Doctor Bugs as head of a committee composed

(Continued on Page 3, Column 3)

Institute Boosts Northern Culture

The Institute of Northern Culture, which will meet here next week-end, will bring influential figures in history, English, science, art, and music, interested in promoting neglected cultural endeavors of our Northern section of the country. The Institute's main activities will be lectures given on various areas of cultural endeavor since the Civil War, and a meeting of its members promoting a plan to help the poor white tobacco farmers who are still desolate after the fall of the great Northern Plantation system.

The notorious Governor Fabius, who was selected at the conclave of Northern Riots as the man who best carried out the ideals and standards of the North, will be the main speaker. He will speak on the topic to which he has devoted most of his life, "The Value of Integration in the Educational System." The lecture will include a summary of his revealing

research on integration concepts in the North.

For the first time in ten years, the Institute of Northern Culture will ask for cash donations as admission to each lecture. The proceeds will go to what the Institute deems the most cultural artistic attempt in relation to northern ideals—the work of the Georgia State Historical Society to build a monument to General Sherman in the Sherman-Ruins National Park.

Longwood Lecturers

Longwood boasts the honor of having five members of its Faculty as guest speakers during the Institute's session. The speakers will be C. G. Mess, F. B. Pimkins, R. B. Broomfield, R. C. Simony, and M. L. Landrun. They will speak on topics related to their fields of teaching, and all students under them are urged to go to the lectures.

Dr. Robin B. Broomfield, Longwood's Geneticist and timothy expert will speak on a highly controversial phase of science: "The Natural Superiority of White Over Colored Timothy Roots." Doctor Broomfield will invite the audience to question or dispute his theories, in attempt to rouse discussion over this popular topic.

Dr. C. Gordy Mess, head of the History Department at Longwood, will speak on Civil War heroes in his lecture on "The Superiority of Grant as a Military Leader." This will be the main speech of the Civil War lectures.

Dr. Frankie B. Pimkins, noted author of historical textbooks, is scheduled to speak on his favorite topic, "Contributions of Carpetbaggers to Southern Economy." Students who have discussed this topic with him in pre-dining hall sessions in the Rotunda will be interested in his formal presentation of the material.

Dr. Merley L. Landrun will wind up the Civil War lectures with his highly realistic talk on the romantic field of business. He will lecture on "The Business Machine's Influence in the Great Northern Victory." Business critics will be interested to hear Dr. Landrun's views on this irrational topic in history.

In the second section of lectures, Dr. Ronald C. Simony, head of Longwood's English department, will introduce a more contemporary note in his lecture. At present, he plans to talk on "The Southern Influence upon the Eastern New Jersey Dialect." The lecture will be the first in a series showing outside influences on Northern culture.

It is hoped that the students of Longwood will support the activities of the Institute of Northern Culture. Free cuts will be given for day lectures, while overnight privileges will be withdrawn Saturday night.



Members of the *Rotund* staff relax in their cozy office under the steam plant while their new IBM copywriting machine does their work for them. This ingenious machine even makes authentic-looking misspellings and grammatical errors.

Editorials

ON APATHY

Do you spend sleepless nights worrying over trifles? Do you hitch your shoulders up to your ears because you're afraid that your hemline is too long? Who's been snitching silver from the dining hall? What is your solution to earth's ever increasing population?

You say you don't worry, don't know, and don't care? Wonderful, how apathetic! Longwood students are noted for their apathy. They are the models of apathy for a considerable number of people. But, of course, Longwood doesn't take pride in this; it is enormously apathetic.

Should the Rotunda fall in about our collective ears one of these days, accept it. Simply step over the rubble and proceed into the dining hall in our usual orderly fashion. Anyone caught murmuring platitudes, such as, "What a pity," should be seriously punished.

Put forth a united front. Sisters, step up and be counted. Now, all together, our creed: "So What!" Louder, can't you feel it? So what, SO WHAT! Russia has declared war. So what! Longwood has raised her tuition. Don't waver. So what!

There, that was easy. Now you really have the spirit. Please pardon me for winding up my editorial abruptly. You see, I seem to have lost my enthusiasm.

"CHI COMMENDS"

This newspaper space is dedicated to all students who have kept unfalteringly on the path they felt right for them. Recognition is often lacking in the student's attempt to stand up for her rights, and often the individual's beliefs have been more than ignored—they have been trodden underfoot, laughed at, and sometimes condemned. There are girls among you who inspire the student body to higher goals, although these individuals are often eccentric, irrational, and contrary to the mores of society. But these girls, although they suffer in maintaining their rights, are often the forces which make us re-evaluate our own customs.

"CHI" commends the girl who rebels against intellectual, cultural, and social standards. She is helping us look more stable.

"CHI" commends the antisocialist, the antagonist, the agnostic, the cynic, the bohemian, and the communist. You are the girls who make us admire the good qualities in *normal* people.

Last, but not least, "CHI" commends the trouble causer for making peace such a desirable premium.

Thank you all for your self-centered attempts at self-righteousness. May left and right wing eccentrics like you always be problems to our college.



Morbid Moon Shines

The Jugulars and Plyers have done it again. "Morbid May Moon" by Kentucky Williams could draw only rave notices on Broadway—or even off-Broadway. It was directed by Dougald Wiley.

Standing out in a tremendously talented cast of thousands were Milly Workhouse and Picki Simply. Miss Workhouse played Ada Smarck with nerve and expression. It is difficult to play a frowzy, frustrated, middle-aged woman and give her the breath of life and real meaning—but Ada *lived, lived, lived!* Miss Simply played a frowzy, frustrated young woman, Hortense Housefrau. Her masterful abilities played on our heartstrings while making the symbolism perfectly clear. The symbolism is rather deep to go into here.

The male lead was handled adeptly and professionally by Smythe Diamond. When he spoke the whole audience listened raptly. Here we must pause to give credit to the costume designers. Mr. Diamond's certainly was spectacular. Isn't he just wonderful?

The supporting cast made the play a finished product. The always exhilarating Dinah Broom was exhilarating, even though she only had two lines. Carter Cistern as Ada's domineering husband was admirable. Lovely Aimless McKenzie performed historic feats such as have never before graced the Jarring Auditorium stage.

Lighting and sound effects were good. But aren't they always?

The set was unbelievably excellent. It may start a new trend in the theatre. It consisted of two long pipes running the width of the stage. These were raised and lowered in alternation. Its genius was in simplicity. It was most evocative. The audience was a bit discomfited when one of the pipes hit "Funchy" Blowman on the head, but the cast took it in their stride and everything (including Funchy) was carried off nicely.

"Morbid May Moon" was an unusual cultural experience. We hope that the Plyers and the Jugulars will continue in the same vein.

FACULTY NEWS

Dean Boggs addressed the American Association of College Administrators in Richmond last week on the subject, "Getting Better Acquainted with Your Faculty."

Dr. Francis B. Simkins was recently awarded a white crash helmet by the Automobile Association of Virginia for being the safest driver in Farmville.

Mr. James McCombs will give a vocal recital next Sunday in the Rec. Among his selections will be, "Sea Cruise," "Almost Grown," "Everybody Likes to Cha Cha Cha," "Movin' and Groovin'," "I'm a Lover, not a Fighter," and "Pass the Biscuits."

Dr. Floyd F. Swertfeger has just published an article in the *Virginia Journal of Juvenile Delinquency* on "The Influence of Zen Buddhism on the Beat Generation."

Miss Elizabeth Burger and Mr. Raymond French have just returned from Camp Pickett, where they completed a short course in fire building, sign painting, and sheet decoration.

Dr. Edgar Stillwell has received a summer grant to study the formation of moss on the college swimming pool. He will spend most of his time under water.

Mrs. Janice Lemen and her student, Amy McFall, will give a special display of their art work for the Farmville Lion's Club. They will also demonstrate how to pose models. A large crowd is expected.

Dr. R. C. Simonini, Jr. will give the keynote address at the annual bookburning by the Defenders of State Solecism at the Farmville Armory on Memorial Day. His topic will be, "The Communist Conspiracy to Promote Structural Linguistics."

ADVERTISEMENT

Looking for a hot time this summer? Don't be bored at home—come to Summer School at Longwood. Easy courses, short hours, stimulating companions. See Dr. Boggs today! (Presented as a public service by the *Rotund*. Besides, we had to fill this space somehow!)

Longwood Watchdog Interviewed

Watchmen, shotguns, locks—throw them all away! Longwood has a new safety protection device. May we introduce Eyesfull, Longwood's Night Watchdog.

Before coming to Longwood, Eyesfull worked in California. "All I did was sit in a teacup and let people take my picture for magazine covers. Well," he added, "magazine back covers."

"This job is ideal for a dog like me," Eyesfull reflected. "I get plenty to eat, and my job is the perfect excuse for sight seeing. My main duty is to watch for fires or break-outs and to keep your girls in line. The first part is easy, but sometimes I have trouble with the girls—they're always trying to pick me up."

This keen observer had many words of praise for Longwood activities. "I think those rest periods on Tuesday afternoons are mighty thoughtful. Someone goes to a lot of trouble

to make sure you girls get some rest—they even have programs to put the insomniacs to sleep!"

He also praised *The Rotunda*. "Oh, yes, that paper is handy-dandy! I always put it under my plate when I'm eating—sort of messy, you know," he barked apologetically.

A dog of no average intelligence, Eyesfull plans to take advantage of this opportunity to pursue his love of reading. "I've already read one book," he stated enthusiastically. "It was all about this Lady and a Tramp . . . did she lead a people's life?"

After thinking for several seconds, Eyesfull had this bit of advice to offer his girls, "You all spend too much time on your studies—don't forget to Live! Live! Live!"

Eyesfull always appears brave and fearless. "I have to," he concluded, "or someone might think I'm a chicken and try to feed me to That Snake."

SOCIAL NOTES

Several L.C. girls and their dates danced to the music of Cat Oozmoon and her Five Cool Kittens at the Duck Pond Formals at V.P.I. last weekend. Raving, roaring, and having a real blast were Ruthie Dentine, Barbie Totem, and Ellen Joan Young.

Seen Thursday night at the Tastie Freezie with their Hampden-Sydney beaux were Lizzie Dishman, Patty Morgan, and Jeannie Ruin. This week these girls may be seen "on campus."

Best wishes to those girls who have received diamonds recently: Pinny Geters, whose ring was given to her by Willy Noble; Chartreuse Hail, who received her sparkler from Alfred E. Newmann; and Kenton Hollyland, whose fiance is Hermann Gooch.

Congratulations are also in order for those brave girls who BROKE their engagements and gave their diamonds back. When asked her reason, one girl, Willie Tyler, cried, "He forgot my birthday!"

GUESS WHAT!

- the *Rotunda* staff held a corn beef and cabbage candlelight banquet on the golf greens at Longwood Estate last weekend!
- Rotunda* staff members boast the highest averages at Longwood!
- every *Rotunda* staff member had a chest X-Ray last month!
- the *Rotunda* staff is now having the Schick test!
- the infirmary asked that the *Rotunda* be delivered after dinner, rather than before, in order to cut down on student indigestion!
- the *Rotunda* is publishing a parody of the *Colonnade* next fall!
- the *Rotunda* publishes a parody of the *Rotunda* every week!

Hop-Scoch Tournament

Matilda Majer, manager of the class hop-scoch tournament for 1958-59, has announced that the annual tournament will begin May 18, 1959. This year the tournament will be held on Saturday nights in the Main Rec.

Miss Majer has asked everyone to please get their forty hours of practice in as soon as possible. "The tournament is only three months away, and we want all those Red 'n Whites and Green 'n Whites to get out there and FIGHT for that color cup! Wahoo! Ray, obey, hey, bey!" says Miss Majer.

The class hop-scoch tournaments have always established especially strong rivalry. Upper classmen will remember two years ago when the hop-scoch games were tied up two and two, the Green 'n Whites in their class enthusiasm stole a "Go, Red 'n Whites, Go" banner from Ruffner and in return, the Red 'n Whites playfully hid the Sophomore dorm.

This year the administration has announced that hop-scoch enthusiasts will be expected to show their class spirit by sitting on the sidelines and clapping for especially good throws. Also, sideline comments such as "rah" and "yay" will be encouraged.

Officials for the play-offs will be Dr. Swartfegar and Mr. Merchant, both of whom were noted hoppers in their college days. "Hoo-boy, go after that color cup!" says Miss Majer.

All hop-scoch enthusiasts are reminded that they may get in their forty hours of practice on the first Thursday of each month at 4:00 P.M., alternate Wednesdays at 8 and 9 A.M., the middle Monday of every month at 3:00 P.M. and any Saturday between 3:00 and 6:00 A.M.

Participants are also reminded that they are required to furnish their own scothes. Members of the Physical Education Department request that after practice, all hop-scoch equipment be put away. "But YAHOO, get those practices in!" urges Manager Majer.

(Continued from Page 1)

of President Frankfort, Doctor Bugs and Miss Floor. "We want to see television brought in as a means of making this great shift."

During this period of great scientific and mechanical progress, Longwood's progressive television teaching techniques will include room for progress in a new but important field—television maintenance; electrical engineering, and television engineering fields will be offered to students and will be certifiable.

Diary of a Drop-Out

Many of you may wonder why Longwood has girls who drop out for no other reason than to drop out. I'm not referring to either the fall-outs, or those who wish to further their education elsewhere (at the institution of marriage). I'm referring to me, the girl who quits.

It's not so sudden as it seems. Something appears to be wrong. Campus capers aren't as satisfying as they should be, and school work becomes neglected. Suddenly, the idea strikes home. And that's what happened. I realized that Longwood wasn't "meeting my needs." An excerpt from my diary may better explain what I mean—*April 14, 1958*: "School, school, school! I hate this muddy mud-hole!" That's what crossed my mind after I had "stopped-by-the-head-table-after-dinner!" Loody Weedman had asked me to go to see Doctor Gobbe in the morning. As usual, I was flunking out. Ten years on the Dud's List, and I couldn't learn because I was still on Plain Campus. I knew I shouldn't be complaining—I had already served six years on Strict Campus and three years on Campus-Without-Dates.

As I was standing there, I decided to pull my usual tightly caper. I scratched my kitchen match against the microphone, took a few refreshing puffs off my cigar, strolled into the smoker, set fire to the trashbaskets with the hot embers of my plump little stogie, walked into the Rotunda, leaned against Joan, and took a few more smelly but exhilarating puffs.

I looked around to see if any of the "proper officials" were watching, but they weren't. They were so used to me they were no longer shocked by my misactions. They thought that if they ignored me, I'd give up. Feeling rather inspired, I ambled over to Mrs. Bessy Hex and stubbed out my cigar in her hand. She still ignored me. But her hand didn't. It looked disappointed.

Bored with the world in general and Farmville in particular, I left Ruffner to look for something exciting. I went to the Library. The lights bothered my eyes—they were so bright. I went to the light box and flipped the main switch.

As I was leaving the Library, I noticed smoke coming from the Dining Room. Guilt filled my heart as I thought of the burning trashcans which had caused more damage than was intended. I decided to right my wrongs to society. I would do something nice to counteract the

(Continued on Page 4, Column 1)

burning of the college eating factory. But what could I do? A brilliant idea fluttered across my mind. I rushed to the train depot and called all of the house mothers; and, posing as a member of their respective dorms, I coaxed them into coming to the station, telling them I would meet them in the cattle cars of the west-bound Norfolk and Western. When the last one entered the last open car (Mrs. Underounce was the last), and the last door was closed and locked, I gaily wished them a happy farewell. They were headed towards Chicago on a nonstop trip to the stockyards. I felt joyously relieved of my burdens as I skipped back to school. I announced over the squawk-boxes that the house mothers wouldn't be back for several weeks.

Hunger pains gnawed at my stomach so I decided to go get some ice cream. I went out to High Street, struck up a thumbing rhythm and started hitch-hiking to the Tastee-Freeze. President Frankfort picked me up. He wanted to know why I was going to the Tastee-Freeze after hours. I pushed him out of the car. I hate questions like that. Why didn't he ask me why I was hitch-hiking?

I decided to go to the Senior Rec. for ice cream instead of the Tastee-Freeze. I drove up on the Roof Garden in the President's car. The night watchman shot at me with his trusty revolver. It clearly states in the Handbook: "No cars are to be driven on the roof after sundown by authorized or unauthorized personnel" (page 117, section 3, article 4, paragraph 23, sentence 59). Although I realized that not only was it after sundown, but that I was also unauthorized, I became indignant and backfired the car at him. He became horrified and stopped shooting.

Everything was too peaceful. After I got my ice cream, I pulled a piece of T.N.T. out of my pocket, lit it and put it back of the coke machine. Fourth Floor South Cunningham disintegrated rapidly.

I decided to go to my room. There wasn't anything to do around the campus. My roommate would be entertaining several of the H.S. boys in our suite. I hoped that they would be new, for I was becoming tired of her usual hoodlum buddies. They were new. They were the police! I had been caught shoplifting at the Hub and they wanted to question me. I pushed them out the window because as I have said before, I hate questions. All that trouble just for a gondola hat.

The warning bell for "lights out" rang. I turned the lights out and lit a flare. My roommate started to leave for her late date. Pangs of jealousy tore at my heart. I shoved her into the bathroom, pushed her into the toilet, and flushed her down the drain. I then wrote a note for the maid to use some Drano the next morning. I almost went out with my roommate's late date, but I chickened out.

The last bell rang. I put on my nightcap, drank my nightcap, and got into bed. In case you are wondering why I was docile enough to get into bed instead of breaking another rule, it's because I don't like to overdo things. Besides, my feet were cold.

Shortly after this was written, I left. I didn't even wait for my mid-term estimates.



STUDENTS MOURN 'OLD BLUE'

"We want our old bus back," screamed the disheartened senior. "Yeah," shouted the stricken junior. "That's right! We want it back," sneered the hardened sophomore. "Old bus? What old bus?" questioned the baffled freshman. These were just a few of the reactions that were recorded from three distraught upperclassmen and one confused freshman as they entered the Rotunda for their usual mid-morning Yoga practice.

No wanting to upset these students anymore than they already appeared to be, I decided to talk with them individually, starting with the senior standing on her head over in the corner.

When asked why she protested the fine new bus, she replied looking up through her knees, "I rode on our old bus for three years. The last seat on the right hand side grew to be a part of me; its bumps were my bumps . . . its scratches, my scratches. When its carburetor broke, my heart broke with it. We don't want that new streamlined bus; send it back! Send it back!"

Such loyalty I have never observed during an interview! Managing to break away between her sobs, I headed for the junior and the sophomore, who appeared to be all wrapped up in their arms and legs. Immediately sizing them up as being the more level headed, unemotional

type, I decided to try the old "who, what, where, why, and how" type of approach.

It seems that the girls have taken up Yoga because they found that after one ride on the new bus, they needed a thorough knowledge of contortionism. "Have you ever ridden on that bus with forty college girls?" asked the junior.

"It felt like there were 140," added the sophomore.

"In the old bus we could have shoved at least ten up on the luggage racks, but not now. There's only one alternative, girls: lose weight, or get back 'Old Blue,'" shouted the Senior from across the room.

Feeling the revolutionary mood in the air, and knowing that one poor bus has no chance against the diets of almost 1000 girls, I headed toward the door where the freshman was sitting in the ancient Yoga meditating position.

When asked why she was meditating instead of mastering the physically useful techniques, she replied, "I'm trying to decide just why I'm here in the first place. I never rode the old bus they're so in love with. It looks kinda dumpy to me, but they're upperclassmen and they dragged me along, so here I am. It really doesn't matter to me as long as it doesn't have one of those skinny dogs spread on the side of it."

Bad Day For The Tobacco Crop

by SANDRA CLEMENTS

His name was Greg Page and he stood sweltering in the sultry noon-day sun. He was a lean man with unruly black hair. The only thing big about Greg was his character; very few could equal him in honesty, integrity, virtue, and goodness.

He stood in the circle of slave blocks feeling very awkward and out of place. Fascination more than anything else drew him to the blocks; he didn't believe in the selling of humans, regardless of their color. He was glad his father's slaves had remained at the plantation after his death. So fascination must be the reason, he thought—fascination at seeing pompous men, who smell of whiskey and sweat, paw over the slaves as if they were hunting dogs. If this is what the South is becoming, I'm afraid I'll soon grow ashamed of it.

Then Greg shifted his attention from the men to the black bodies chained to posts and anything available. The male slaves had looks of apathy on their faces; Greg assumed that they were probably so used to this that it didn't matter any more. For the women, however, this bondage was something newer and more different. Their expressions were mixtures of fear, apprehension, curiosity, and mass hatred. The children cried spasmodically, especially when they were pushed to the front of the platform to be inspected.

For a few, the chains had been on too long, and they had fought too hard to break them. Blood oozed from open wounds not already clogged by dirt or healed. And for a very few, there was no more pain—only dull numbness.

Greg shook his head slowly and pushed on through the sea of bodies. At his destination, the town store, he ordered his week's supplies. The only person in the establishment, other than the owner, was Rags Evans, the town bully. Greg hadn't noticed him when he came in, but he recognized the voice that asked, "You come to buy slaves, Page?"

"No, Rags, just a few supplies." He tried to act very nonchalant.

"Ain't these good enough for you?" Without waiting for a reply, he continued, "Oh, but I forgot. You breed your own, doncha?"

Greg held on to the counter very firmly and said nothing. He had learned long ago that the best way to handle Rags was to simply ignore him.

He was glad when Ben had his supplies ready. He walked past Rags, smelling the alcohol on his breath, and made his way back through the crowd. It wasn't quite so dense now; it was lunch time, and even the most barbaric people wouldn't miss lunch.

When he got back to his carriage, he slid in beside his driver, Josiah, who was already beginning to show effects of being in the sun too long.

"Sorry I was so long, Josiah. You should have found a cool place."

"You won't long, Marse Greg. 'Sides, there ain't no cool place today."

They rode awhile in silence, and then Greg spoke again.

"How would you like to be free, Josiah?"

"Well, I don't know, Marse. I ain't never thought much 'bout it. I ain't never been nothin' but a slave. I don't mind workin' for you, Marse. You treat us all jess fine."

"But it's still not the same as being free?"

"No, Marse, but I wouldn't know how to live if I was free."

Greg remained silent for the rest of the trip. When they got to the house, he went to his room, drew the curtains to shut out some of the sun, took off his clothes, and lay down on the cool sheets of his bed.

He breathed deeply and looked upward, hoping and praying for something. Nothing came. He wondered why he didn't free the slaves, sell the plantation, and leave the South. The reason was simply money; he had no place to go and nothing to do but raise tobacco.

But still, he thought, bringing his fist down again and again, I'm not happy. I don't believe in all this; I don't like all this. But what do I do about it? Nothing, dammit, nothing. I keep working these slaves in the hot sun as if they're horses or something. I smile on the outside when some grinning ape says "nigger," when on the inside I feel like someone is clawing at my stomach.

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The Critics' Corner

LOLITA . . .

reviewed by DOROTHY WHEELER

Probably one of the most controversial and talked-about novels today is Vladimir Nabokov's *Lolita*. *Lolita* has been praised as a piece of brilliant literature, but it has been referred to as pornographic. Such statements as "I cannot praise too highly the finesse with which Nabokov sketches the vacuous elegance of his hero's mind" (*Nation*), and, "so skillfully done that it is vastly more interesting than the average run of fiction" (*Time*) give the well-versed author his due. However, there are those who feel that *Lolita* is merely a piece of clever trash, or as the *Catholic World* puts it, "a romp which does not amuse."

Lolita is incredibly amusing and at the same time incredibly sad. It revolves about the hero, Humbert Humbert, a hopeless pedophile, and his child love, Lolita. Humbert was launched upon this deviant pattern of sexual behavior after failing to complete a love affair with a girl-child playmate, Annabel, at the age of twelve. The image of his first love made a profound impression on the sensitive Humbert, and he strove to recreate his Annabel through imaginary relations with various girl-children, whom he termed "nymphets."

Until *Lolita*, Humbert restrained his perverted passion in-so-far as he never actually had sexual relations with the nymphets he adored from afar. At this point, the reader may wonder exactly what, in Humbert's mind, characterized a nymphet. To be able to picture this fanciful creature one must realize that while all nymphets are girl-children between the ages of 10 and 14, not all children classified in this age group could be called nymphets. A nymphet is generally slight in stature with a shadow of beauty noticeable only to the most observant eye, and a childlike vivaciousness. Such was *Lolita*, who at the age of twelve, could reduce the Humbert to a mass of quaking flesh.

Humbert marries while still in Europe, hoping vainly that a life of understanding and companionship will bring to a rest his wandering, abnormal passion. The marriage, of course, ends in failure, and Humbert comes to America and

takes lodging with Charlotte Haze, not, however, before spending some time in several sanitariums. Here the story really begins, for Humbert finds his incarnation of Annabel in Delores Haze, alias, Dolly, Lo, and *Lolita*.

After allowing his protagonist to find an object for his desire, Nabokov must bring them together. Humbert marries the mother; naturally, the mother dies, and the sybarite descends upon his prey.

At this point the reader may be horrified at Humbert's intentions, but let it be understood that the young *Lolita* was not an incorruptible picture of innocence. In fact, while Humbert is still contemplating his next move, his unscrupulous demon seduces him without a second thought.

From here the reader is led from motel to motel, through an entangled web of strange and compelling passions, to a temporary halt in a small town where *Lolita* is sent to school.

Of course, having made her childish conquest, *Lolita* is revolted by the later demands of Humbert. They leave the sanctuary and renew their cross-country travels. At this point, a third character enters into the story, and after a harrowing pursuit, manages to wrench the girl from Humbert's grasp.

The remainder deals with Humbert's role as the mad hunter searching for his beloved and finding her married to another man, with no feeling at all for Humbert, or anyone. The fact that he murders her abductor does not bring any compensation, or add anything to the novel, and Humbert dies of a heart attack, ironically, rather than of a broken heart.

The psychiatric appeal in the novel lies in the fact that Nabokov has skillfully dealt with a sexual aberration about which little is known. The disease arises presumably from a discouraging love affair when very young.

In the treatment of Humbert Humbert, Nabokov has furnished the reader with an odd mixture of feelings toward his "hero," of sympathy, disgust, and loathing. By calling the man Humbert, the author produces an image of a humbug, a

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villain. The reader is quite prepared to dislike the protagonist after a few pages, when suddenly, by some twist of thought on the part of Nabokov, he will feel pity for Humbert, a victim of his own inner self, and then, with another turn of the pen, one is again thrown into disgust and repulsion.

Influences of other writers and philosophers on Nabokov are quite evident throughout the book. One which is very noticeable is that of Poe. The fact that Humbert's first love is named Annabel, and that they dwell in a "principedom by the sea," brings to mind the poem written by the American poet.

Another question to be dealt with is whether or not *Lolita* is an obscene book. Many feel that even though the author does not use a single four-letter word, he cannot dress up the sordid theme with intellectual word play. However, I feel that

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THE SOUTH IN PERSPECTIVE

This reviewer has formulated an expression which, while not highly novel, is perfectly genuine: Virginia is more of a state of mind than a state. It implies no disparagement, just bewilderment. It also implies a lack of cogent thought to resolve this perplexity—to understand the enigma of the South.

A slim blue volume with gold print saying *The South in Perspective* is encouraging—particularly the slimness. But the subtitle "Institute of Southern Culture Lectures at Longwood College, 1958" causes hesitancy. The table of contents contains the names of three of our faculty, which is enough to bring fear to the heart of a reviewer who hopes to call Longwood her alma mater.

No fear, not only is it informative, but it also reassures one that our professors have something upstairs besides their graduate school notes. In fact, this is a very impressive little volume.

"Jamestown Revisited" by Marshall Fishwick is a short, pithy analysis of Virginia as a whole and Jamestown in particular. The great changes and the constancies of our culture are related and interrelated to our historical development. Virginia is an amazing place and Marshall Fishwick's essay is calculated to further amaze. He is the

possessor of an engaging style of writing. In short, his essay should be of tremendous interest in Virginia, even to those who might glean little from the following essays in more specialized fields.

"The Changing South" by Gordon W. Blackwell deals with such aspects of the South as social and economic change. It points up, in passing, the needs for and responsibility of education. The South is in transition whether or not it wants it, and whether or not it likes it. Understanding a problem is the only way to solve that problem. Therefore, Gordon W. Blackwell's essay receives high commendation.

"James Branch Cabell and Southern Romanticism" by Dorothy B. Schlegel is obviously the result of much reading and intense thought. While the appeal may be more limited than the two previous articles, it is nonetheless valuable. An understanding of Cabell is another way of understanding the region in which we attend school.

"The Youngest Generation of Southern Fiction Writers" by Richard K. Meeker is an evaluation of exactly what the title says. Dr. Meeker has set himself a difficult task. One might say he is a trail blazer if trail blazing weren't out of fashion. Yet, he makes a good one. May this reviewer suggest that his essay be consulted as a guide to further reading about the South.

"Religion in the South: Problem and Promise" by Clyde L. Manschreck is an analysis of southern religion today . . . its peculiar differences and its relation to southern culture. Manschreck is neither anti-religious nor pro-religious. He merely examines his subject quite cogently and presents the facts.

"Southern and Quasi-Southern Cultural Landscapes" by Charles F. Lane is an attempt to define what is really meant or should be meant by "The South." Through means like tobacco, and mules, and race distribution, the South is defined.

By the time the volume is finished, the South is defined through history, literature, religion, and geography. It has a new boundary, a past, and a future. "Virginia is a state of mind" means more than bewilderment; it is the sound basis of the understanding of a novelty on the American scene.

Yes, Dr. Simkins, these essays are critically informing.

reviewed by PAT CLEVELAND

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AN UNFORTUNATE REOCCURRENCE (continued from page 3)

of the ideal marriage ceremony, and where was the altar centered, but around the two lovely vases. Now, all evening I had avoided looking at those vases, 'cause in the last couple of hours even I was smart enough to know that my powers of association between those vases and something else was not exactly as it should be.

There was no changing Josie's mind about this either. She didn't know how she would fix up those vases, but she was sure going to try. Now that she had me under her thumb over the house, she was set on doing nothing but turning those pouting little red lips up to me and watching me melt as she said, "If you really want me to do as you wish, I will. You know that sugar. It won't make me *that* unhappy."

Tell me, how can a guy win against something like that? He can't, so I'm standing beside one best man and one best vase, and I'm almost standing beside myself. I'm all right when I'm watching my bride-to-be coming down the aisle, or when I'm concentrating on keeping my knees from buckling, but as soon as I look toward

where that preacher's going to be standing between those vases, I'm lost.

We've had three rehearsals since Monday, and tomorrow's the big day. I've managed to keep from eating anything hours before rehearsals, so there's less chance of my giving myself away. Every now and then my hand goes to my mouth, but I manage to just cough, and let everyone remark about how nervous I seem, but I withstand stand it.

I've spent every afternoon in the library reading Freud, Bowlby, and Gesell, and so far none of 'em have helped solve my problem. Bowlby finally helped me arrive at the conclusion that I am a perfect example of the effects of motherly deprivation; Gesell made me realize that it was through no fault of my own; and I was counting on Freud to help me rid my mind of its nausea associations, but he didn't.

All I'm sure of is that I'm going to drink a glass of Alka-Seltzer before I go to marry that headstrong love of mine tomorrow afternoon, think of Freud, and make sure I never leave my kid at Aunt Sally's, or anybody else's aunt's, if I ever have to get married again.

aimlessly

aimlessly my sandals
stir the sawdust
of the cafe floor
chianti and words flow freely
dark glasses i wear
at midnight

before green buddha
incense i burn
in thevillage i sleep
in my cold
bleak
garret

and there
i find
somuchindividuality is
really
none
at all

by JUDY DETRICH

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THE BROWN WINDOW

(continued from page 5)

Lanie was talking now, her eyes fixed on the whiskey bottle that Cal turned around and around under the light. "I've lost my sympathy, Cal. Now I just think you're crazy."

"Yeah. Perhaps."

"Have you written anything?"

"A little."

"More than you showed me?"

"Not yet."

"Well, at least you're honest with me. That must be one of your new practices. Are all the people here that honest, Cal?"

The boy sat silently, his head in his hands for a long minute. "Lanie, I'm not going home. So please stop."

"Cal, listen. You're fooling yourself. What do you *really* see in that whiskey bottle?"

"Truth. I see what I want to see."

"Is it really necessary for you to be here?"

"Yes. It's essential."

"Why?"

"I am learning to be."

"What? To be *what*?"

"Just to be. Truth. Myself."

"Oh, hell, Cal. Get off this kick. I read your poetry. It's senseless."

"You don't know."

"Yes I do. I know you can write. But not in that filthy apartment. What are you trying to prove?"

"You don't understand, Lanie. I've started from the beginning. I'm beginning a whole new life. Look in the bottle."

Cal thrust the bottle toward Lanie but she turned her head. She was tired of that bottle. She was tired of Cal. "No, Cal. I don't want the bottle."

"See, Lanie, you don't try. You have to look *in* the bottle and *get* in. *Then* you will know."

The girl looked at him sorrowfully. "O.K., Cal, you win. I can't fight that bottle anymore. I'm going home."

Several hours later Cal was still sitting in the cafe, thinking of his sister and her efforts to "save" him. He was sad because he liked his

sister, but she was not real, and she did not belong in this neonized city as he did. Maybe he was the only one who could look in a brown bottle window and see the pattern of Reality, of Life Itself, in the dancing fragments of the light-filled liquid, but, if so, he couldn't stop just because he was alone. He must continue his search until he found himself.

Cal held his bottle up to the light and gazed pensively at the dancing glimmers of his life-light. Then he paid his bill to a sweaty, painted cashier and carried the whiskey out of the cafe, out into the hot, sticky air of a grotesque city that drank only Truth.

BAD DAY FOR THE TOBACCO CROP

(continued from page 15)

And then it hit him—I'm afraid to be laughed at; I'm afraid to be different.

That one sentence haunted him until he fell asleep. Then he dreamed of Ann. He dreamed that she hadn't died in childbirth along with the baby. He could hear her laugh that echoed through the house and the little ring that her voice made when she was happy. Waking up was a great disappointment.

The next morning, before Greg had scarcely had an opportunity to inspect the fields and the crops, Hal Byrd stopped his carriage in the driveway. Hal lived on the next plantation and was almost as rich as Greg. He was a corpulent man with bulging eyes and a bald head; he had very few of Greg's character traits. A big cigar was constantly stuck in his mouth, and most people had come to regard it as a part of his face. Hal was married but no one ever bet on his faithfulness, unless they wished to lose some money.

Greg greeted him on the sun porch, and Hal said, "Came to see if you all wanted to come into town with me. They're bringing in a whole passle of new slaves."

"Thanks, Hal, but you know I don't buy slaves, and I bought my supplies yesterday."

"Oh, come on. I don't want to be alone. I'll buy you a drink or lunch or something."

He thought for a minute and then said, "All right. Why not?"

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At least this day wasn't as hot as the preceding one. Perhaps that was why there were even more people at the blocks. Greg wanted to throw up, but instead he lit a cigar and followed Hal, who was shouldering his way through the crowd. Eventually he found what he wanted because he turned and began hitting Greg in the stomach with the back of his hand.

"Now that's what I call a slave. I aim to buy her."

Greg looked in the direction of Hal's chubby hand and saw a young girl lashed to a post. She couldn't have been more than 20 years old and had more white than Negro blood in her. Her hair wasn't coarse; her nostrils weren't broad; and her lips weren't thick. Her body was slim and well-developed.

"She'd be pretty good, huh?", Hal asked, and Greg knew he didn't mean good for working in the fields. He could only nod; if words had come out, they would have been very vicious.

The crowd hushed as the owner stepped to the front of the platform and raised his hands.

"Gentlemen, I have a fine specimen of Negro and white blood mixed to perfection. Her father was a white plantation owner, her mother a slave. She's a hard worker. I'm sure I needn't go into her other attributes. Now, gentlemen, what am I offered for this slave?" Greg was not surprised when Hal opened the bidding at \$350. It went to \$500, \$600, \$700.

"I didn't think it would get this high," Hal said, wiping beads of perspiration off his forehead. "Let's split whatever I finally get her for, and we'll share her."

Greg just gave him a cold stare and said simply, "I'm bidding."

"But, but," stammered Hal, "you can't. I mean, you can, but I'll help you pay."

"I can pay my own," and Greg raised the bid to \$750.

Hal almost swallowed his cigar, and everyone turned to be sure they had recognized the voice correctly.

When Greg was the only bidder left at \$950, he went up to take the chains off.

"Don't be afraid," he said gently. "I'm not going to hurt you, and you'll never be in chains again."

She didn't scratch or bite or kick as everyone

expected her to, but her eyes were full of resignation and curiosity.

As Greg walked toward the livery stable to rent a buckboard, he heard one loud laugh and looked ahead of him where Rags was doubled over in hysteria. Greg walked almost past him and then rammed his left fist into his stomach and brought his right fist up under his chin with a crack. Rags fell before Greg could hit him again.

When they reached the house, Greg took a small file and removed the band from the girl's forearm.

"Why are you doing this?", she asked.

"Because you're free. I'm sending you to a friend in Pennsylvania. There you'll work, but you'll work in a good atmosphere and be thought of as a person."

"But you paid all that money. . . ."

"I could never keep you as a slave and I could never keep you any other way. Maybe if this were 1940 or 1950 when people aren't prejudiced and when they accept the Negro as a human being, then maybe I could keep you, but not now. Jekiel!" And from the hall came a big, bushy-haired Negro. "Jekiel, get the carriage."

While Jekiel got the carriage one of the Negro women fed the girl and gave her some clean clothes.

Finally when all was in readiness, Greg stood on the porch with Josiah. He tried not to watch as she got in and they drove away. Instead he looked at the big ball of fire in the sky.

"We had a breather today, Josiah. But tomorrow will be hot as torment. Looks like another bad day for the tobacco crop."

LOLITA

(continued from page 17)

if one is reading with the beauty of the novel in his thoughts, rather than anticipating every bedroom scene, he will feel that *Lolita* is a work of art.

The thoughtful reader will naturally seek to understand Nabokov's purpose in writing *Lolita*. Is there a subtle meaning beneath the obvious theme of a sex pervert in love with a child? Is there a lesson to be taught? There are various

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theories as to the allegorical content of the work. Superficially, it might be said that Humbert represents every man who has fallen into the clutches of a domineering passion such as lust, hate or greed. The average person, however, who has experienced such emotions has been able to assert a degree of controls whereas for Humbert self-destruction was his fate.

Another theory deals with the idea of young America debauching old Europe, or vice versa, with Humbert the anarchist, representing Europe, and the young Lolita, America. There are symbols of these exploitations to back up both theories.

I feel that the most significant allegory in the book deals with the youth-maturity philosophy advocated during the 19th century by the romantic poets. These writers looked upon youth as the preferred period of life, though they accepted maturity with memory for a compensation.

Humbert was unable to accept a role in an adult world, and thus he was attracted to young girl-children in order to be able to stay in pre-adolescence. Considering the theme in this light, one can see that it does not necessarily deal with a sex-pervert, but with a man whose one desire in life was to retain his youth, and the nymphets whom he adored were just an instrument to obtain this goal.

Humbert was a writer and a scholar, but did neither well. His desire to retain the past is even found running through his work. For instance, he wrote a Proustian essay based on a letter from Keats to Blake, which of course, reeked with immaturity and drew chuckles from the critics. Much of Proust's works dealt with time lost and irrecoverable, and while Keats' life was very short, and youth was soon lost to him, he was optimistic about maturity, rather than feeling it was an end in life. Humbert, in his obsession to remain young, cannot understand Keats' philosophy, and the recurrent theme of retrieving youth continually runs through his thoughts.

Nabokov says that he had no intentions of teaching a moral or lesson when he wrote *Lolita*. Perhaps not, yet I feel that beneath the sordid theme lies the portrayal of a man who could not face the harsh realities of maturity, and the pedophilia, while used superficially to attract the reader's attention, has a real purpose in providing Humbert's method of escape from reality.

Nabokov's style of course is brilliant, but the book at some point seems to have gotten out of hand. The tone when the novel begins is decidedly satiric as Nabokov pokes fun at his hero. However, as the story continues for several chapters, it becomes serious and ends on a tragic note, which of course is a weakness in that there is a lack of consistency. Because the author is not clear in his opinion of Humbert, neither can the reader be.

AGRARIANISM AS A LITERARY MOVEMENT

(continued from page 10)

bitterly caustic and vindictive. The primary image it gave to traditionalism: "the past as an ideal, and idealized, unit of experience both remembered and imagined."⁷ Sometimes their literature was a mere portrayal of the dilemma of the young Southerner as one who cannot give himself to any historic tradition or challenge.

Robert Penn Warren's first novel, *Night Rider*, has a peasant character called Willie Proudfit whose adventures in the far west and religious conversion bring him primitive agrarianism in Kentucky. In Warren's *At Heaven's Gate* we learn that order is not the same as decorum; order is living by principles. In *All The King's Men* tragic irony proves that this order cannot be mechanically imposed from the outside. Most of the evil in the former novel is found in big business and high society, and one may find a bit of redemption for participating in modern society only by making a symbolic return to his humble home. (Evidently this is Warren's favorite pattern.) "This novel reveals the disintegration of modern society, the confusion of man lost in the disorder of his blindly competitive urban economy, trying to find some truth by which to live."⁸

The Agrarian critics believed that poetry should drop all romantic vagueness and sentimentality, looseness of form, and illogical fancy. These men concentrated on a close examination of the texts themselves, analyzing form, style, metric, rhythm, and imagery "with an intellectual rigor of scholastic purity."⁹

From Warren's *Selected Poems 1923-1943* "For a Friend Who Thinks Himself Urbane" most explicitly expresses his sentiments toward

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the state of urbanity which naturally accompanies industrialism:

"I knew that you have tried, dear friend,
To make the worse appear the better reason;
But cannot. I know that you have tried to bend
The supple knee, and like the vagrant swallow
To nest in chimneied hearts of men or follow
The sunshine of consent's good season;
But cannot. Gracious you've tried to cast
The pearl before opinion's tushed snout;
But cannot. You've tried to greet the last
Bellhop to fortune, the last vanished tout
Of circumstance whose moist palm youf palm kissed,
And tried to smile when you suppressed
Some callow gesture of the clumsy heart" . . .

These Agrarian writers often wrote cynically of the cheapening of modern culture; for instance, Davidson's "On a Replica of the Parthenon": . . . "What do they seek/Who build but never read their Greek?/. . . but the sky drips its spectral dritt,/And gods, like men, to soot revert" . . . In his poetry of the 1920's Tate used Homer and Virgil as historical critics of 20th century America. The following passage from his "Retroduction to American History" is illustrative of the same indignation at this cheapening and barrenness:

. . . Narvissus is vocabulary. Hermes decorates
A cornice on the Third National Bank. Vocabulary
Becomes confusion, decoration a blight: the
Parthenon
In Tennessee stucco, art for the sake of death . . .
In every railroad station everywhere every lover
Waits for his train. He cannot hear. The smoke
Thickens. Ticket in hand, he pumps his body
Toward lower six, for one more terse ineffable
trip.
His very eyeballs fixed in disarticulation. The
birth
Is clean: no elephants, vultures, mice or spiders
District him from nonentity; his metaphors are
dead . . .

The following lines from Tate's "The Deserter: A Christmas Eclogue" illustrate the loss of a genuine capacity for belief, another of the unwelcome, but inevitable accompaniments of industrialism:

Lester—. . . "I'll own up to the dirt."
Jamie—"All kinds of dirt?"
Lester—"Well, Jamie, I meant soot.
But soot means money.
But smoke, more trade.
That's what I've learned to say."

The last lines of "The Tall Men" by Davidson

give a vivid picture of the society against which the Agrarians are protesting:

. . . This is dusk
Where tall men humped on cushioned seats glide
home
Impatiently. Fast in immaculate leather,
Silken-eased, urge down the throttle gently,
Speeding with effort only of ankle and wrist.
Seven o'clock in the twentieth century is
The hour of supper, not the hour of prayer,
And something (call it civilization) turns
A switch; a fan hums pianissimo,
Blowing old ghosts to outer darkness where
The bones of tall men lie in the Tennessee earth.

Tate spoke of the poet's loss of status because "our time cleaves to no radical myth; its myth is the apotheosis of machinery."¹⁰ In his poetry Tate pondered this myth of machinery; for example, "The Subway":

. . . Harshly articulate, musical steel shell
Of angry worship, hurled religiously
Upon your business of humility
Into the iron forestories of hell:

Till broken in the shift of quieter
Dense altitudes tangential of your steel,
I am become geometries, and glut
Expansions like a blind astronomer
Dazed, while the worldless heavens bulge and reel
In the cold reverie of an idiot.

Davidson, too, writes of these mechanical bonds upon man in modern culture:

. . . these square cliffs
Of brick and steel that here enclose my steps . . .

"Geography of the Brain," from the same collection of poems by Davidson is a clever and effective piece which shows the absurd and pathetic effect of mechanization upon the highest potential of mankind, the human brain:

The modern brain, guarded not only by bone,
Afferent nerves, withering hair, and skin,
Requires the aid of mystical apparatus
(Weights, levers, motor, steel rods, black boy)
And pyramiding dollars nicely invested
To float in boredom up to the cool fifth floor
And a tiled room . . .

The epilogue to this collection, "Fire on Belmont Street," reveals the same absurdity—of a prosperous citizen's frantic frenzy over the fire, to which Davidson replies:

. . . Why God has come alive:
To damn you all, or else the smoke and soot
Have turned back to live coals again for shame
On this gray city, blinded, soiled, and kicked
By fat, blind fools. The city's burning up?
Why, good! Then let her burn! . . .

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As one can readily perceive in the numerous examples here given, the Agrarians' strong feelings permeated their poetry and prose. Although Agrarianism as a literary movement was short-lived (by 1936 it was a dead issue), as a plea for a direct appreciative approach to life, in contrast to the pragmatic approach imposed by modern city life, Agrarianism still has appeal. The emphasis of our times upon science and industry threatens to oppress vital aesthetic responses.

NOTE: The author of this paper sincerely hopes that none of these Agrarians are now living in Los Angeles, being stifled by smog!

FOOTNOTES

1. Frederick J. Hoffman, *The Twenties*, (New York, 1955), p. 148.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 149-51.
3. Quinn, Murdock, Gohdes, Whicher, Eds., *The Literature of the American People*, (New York, 1951), p. 922.
4. Hoffman, p. 146.
5. Jay B. Hubbell, *The South in American Literature*, (Durham, 1954), p. 856.
6. *Ibid.*, pp. 854-857.
7. Hoffman, p. 153.
8. Louis D. Rubin and Robert D. Jacobs, Eds., *Southern Renaissance*, (Baltimore, 1953), p. 215.
9. Rod W. Horton and Herbert W. Edwards, *Backgrounds of American Literary Thought*, (New York, 1952), p. 362.
10. Hoffman, p. 145.

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